



*POEMS, SONNETS AND  
SACRED SONGS*

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*R. M. BARTLEY*



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# POEMS, SONNETS AND SACRED SONGS

R. M. BARTLEY

*Author of "Boost's Verse of Hawaii"*



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POEMS, SONNETS AND  
SACRED SONGS



## THOUGHTS

Come think thoughts of purity,  
Think of and, the higher shadows see;  
Be angelical in every atom of a thought  
For the Christian's ways with sin is fraught.  
Sin is treacherous—an enemy!  
Heaven, no sinner will ever see.  
Change, and be steadfast in your change;  
Strange, and to Christ be never strange.

Come think thoughts of the revelation;  
Think of the blessings of your station.  
Christ left power infallible, became man.  
Whats the matter with your orbit wan?  
Forsake sin! Let the Savior heal  
Thy disarticulatedness for weal.  
Change, and be steadfast in your change;  
Strange, and to Christ be never strange.

Come think thoughts of bread and wine—  
Corn and fruit sanctioned by Him Divine.  
Shun intemperance of corn and barley malt,  
They are not heavenly fruit, but fruit with a fault.  
'Tis sin to rob your child of bread by drinking rye—  
Heaven no drunkard will ever discry.  
Change, and be for Christ in your change;  
Strange, and to members and Church be never  
    strange.

## THE SECTS PROBLEM

I sometimes wonder on the Religions—  
The various Sects and Creeds?  
I try, when I read my Bible,  
When I read of the bloody deeds,  
To locate the text and Scripture,  
To locate the wonderous seeds  
Of all those Religions of today—  
And I'm sometimes successful, I'm happy to say.

'Tisn't hard to find the Episcopalian  
The first heretic of all;  
Nor is the Presbyterian a mystery  
When you ponder the truths of the fall,  
And reclamation of the Erring Son  
By Christ lowly and repentant Paul;  
Nor is the friends and disciples a puzzle—  
There no maze, nothing by the narrow, straight  
muzzle.

The Baptist is not the hardest to disentangle,  
Oh, no; 'tis the simplest of all:  
Ritual is sweet and kingly,  
And a vent, and a call.  
Orators are quick to firmly grasp  
The "leaders chance" as disciple Paul,  
For its Religion for the Saint—  
No use of saying, it taint!

The Methodists and Salvation Army  
And Young Men's Christian Association, too,  
Also the reformed bodies I can find in my testament,  
And they are so necessary they grew  
With the metropolises and country.  
Oh, they are cordially true blue!  
I just love them all in all  
From Episcopalian to Salvation Army hall.

## CHRIST

Christ as a child won souls to him  
By heavenly magnetism of love;  
Christ as a boy won learned men who dim  
His environment by fallacies of Jove.  
Sadducee, Pharisee, Scribes and Jew  
Stood awed, astounded by the marvelous boy  
Whom God and Angels sentineled thru  
Dark days and nights of hiding alloy.

Christ as a man, the Peerless Physician,  
Whom the blind, halt and leprous loved;  
Woman's friend in her distressed mission,  
Catering to false love's iniquitous beloved.  
Mysterious spirit miraculously hid in danger,  
How could mortal preach without being taught?  
Testify, without partiality, of the Genesis to stranger  
Who periodically incessantly his life sought.

Christ the guardian of His fellowman  
When sin and covenanted laws failed;  
Christ the Miracle Worker, weak and wan  
From malicious punishment when betrayed and  
jailed.  
Oh, heavenly, incarnate soul who cried  
In bitter, pleading tone to his Righteous Father  
"Eli, Eli, Lama Sabachthani." Then the all power-  
ful died  
Mid sympathetic glances from his hiding disciple  
and mother.



Christ, the crucified, triumphantly arose  
From the sepulchre of those who sleepeth;  
Taught his disciples how to begin and close  
Missionary work in Jerusalem, o'er which he  
weepeth.  
Gave them the Holy Ghost, the comforter of the  
elect,  
To impart and transplant the Penticostal blessing.  
Christ, the arisen, then ascended back  
To Him who gave his only son for our lesson.

Christ the advocate now reigns in Trinity  
In the Heavens the sanctuary of rest and peace.  
Come, come, crieth our meek divinity.  
Be pious disciples! Let sin surcease!  
'Tis the crucified, the perfect one of unity,  
That calls Thee from secular fleece.  
Come to His fold! Renounce the old trite bee!  
Remember the world is drifting to peace.

## INVITATION TO SALVATION

Suffer darkness and blindness no more  
My habitual, tippling brother;  
Wend the narrow, sanctified floor—  
We'll be your loving mother.  
Every, every christian to the rescue,  
Why, why hangs back the few?  
Why hang back progressive brother  
And pull thy purse string?  
Why not fraternize amongst other  
Sons of God that oft did sing?  
Why hang back tantamount to the light?  
Help, Oh help, dear brother, tonight.  
Suffer the past century no more,  
No more my intemperate friend;  
Harken to Christianization and soar  
To blisses without end.  
Accept this invitation to the Lord,  
Accept His salvation and His holy word.  
Accept our ways and Church,  
The transfiguration to our Lord;  
Minister in tantivy with flaming torch—  
Holy, acceptable our record.  
Holy are our ways and works.  
Harken, 'tis thee alone that shirks.  
Open thy purse strings, dear brother,  
Help the conversion along;  
Primitive is the convergent smother  
Where drunkards are millions strong.  
Every Christian now to the rescue!  
Why only hangs back the few?

## THE ENCOURAGING BIRDIES

'Tis encouragement to hear  
The little birdies, so dear,  
Singing in the murky rain;  
Singing when we're fain  
To defame and ribald our reputation  
With cuss words the damnation  
Of the soul, yet the impetus  
Of the wicked who fuss  
With the stumbling creater  
Whose works and ways teeter,  
Threatening a downfall;  
Then, that horrid eyewitness call  
Him back to paths straight,  
Which he'd faithfully mate  
And ne'er again grotesquely swerve,  
But obediently and competently observe  
The law of man and creation—  
When we are eagerly looking  
For the silverlining hooking  
Unto the black, monster cloud  
That mantles, e'en, the poor and proud.

## CAN'T FIND ANY FAULT

God in one week's time constructed the universe;  
Gave every astral and terrestrial unit a proper  
fitting;  
Gave seedtime and harvest, wind and snowtime—  
These sundry times when we take our vacational  
fitting—  
See a section of the universal paradise  
Where man puts himself on transparent ice.

Can't find a fault, Oh Lord,  
With thy wondrous toil and rest;  
Astronomical lore and geologist written word  
Explains the milky way and earth's strata with  
zest.

God pour his rainstorms periodically down;  
Sends strong winds that wreck and kills;  
God sees it good to destroy by earthquake  
Fair cities harboring no iniquitous ills—  
Poor helpless mortal sends broadcast news of their  
wrecked town.  
Other mortals lend helping hands to those knocked  
down.

Can't find a fault, Oh Lord,  
With thy wondrous administration;  
Tornadoes and earthquakes but hord  
Happiness and everlasting ministration.

## THE DAY'S FINISH

'Twas no headliner

    This eve of work-a-day week,

'Twas simply a preparation

    Preparatory to the morrow bleak.

The morrow, unknown, unseen,

Oh Lord, with protection lean.

Its with a hurry and slam

    We leave today for to-morrow;

With toil we've grown careless,

    Freshness we cannot borrow,

We've got to rest and sleep,

Oh, Lord, let thy protection creep.

## THE SABBATH AND THE FOURTH COMMANDMENT

The Sabbath is a day of rest—

'Twas hallowed for that purpose!

Saw the bumble-bees attest

Their likes and dislikes for blossoms unassorted.  
Were the humble bees, the bumble-bees breaking  
the law?

Why, of course not, friend, bugs are not human,  
pshaw!

The bumble-bees, the humble bees were droning

As they labored to beat the band;

'Twas their insect music cause they were owning

The floral kingdom understand.

They ken peace and plenty when they drain it from  
a nectary cup

Replenishing their hives and honeycomb, get up!

God gave us a day of holy rest—

His humble son didn't change it;

Man keeps it workless lest

The divine would strange it;

Make it a day of famine as in the wilderness—

That would be an awful downfall from bliss.

## SUNDAY

Holy and sacred is Sunday,  
Far, far different from Monday  
In the routine of metropolitan life;  
In the chores of rustic strife.  
Sunday is rest to a farmer's son;  
Sunday is rest to the manufacturing one.  
Sunday, our Sunday is different, thats all!  
Why Monday's hardly in it at all.

Who goes to church on Monday?  
Who misses church on Sunday?  
Taint the farmer and son?  
No, nor the manufacturing one.  
Commercial life must go on.  
Secular six days, but upon  
"Sunday" we all go to prayers.  
Oh Sunday, closed, churchy Sunday gives sinners  
cares.

## STORMS

Black tracing of storm "Yester" shone  
From all points of the compass.  
The signs portended unrest and,  
Death to the recognized Sabbath:  
A day of love and neighborly working  
For the Savior of ingrate man.  
Christ, the titanic worker of miracle  
To the grounding of His fundamental principle  
The Holy, sanctified and finished doctrine:  
Sweet sesame to Angleship divine.  
Christ, the sculptor and alchemist,  
Who by good example won over  
The irreconcilables, the bigots and stumblingblocks  
Of the multiple religions then predominant,  
Tho' like the proverbial fig tree—dead!  
Alack-a-day, they were barren, sterile, dead!  
Nothing of reciprocity between man and the God-  
head  
Whose edicts, illustrated ensamples and preach-  
ments  
Were—are—everlasting life. Just think of it, ever-  
lasting life!  
Incomprehensible to the hearer and receiver  
The beloved, recognized "Sons of God".  
God, Jehovah! The eternal supreme being of  
Heaven.



## PURITY WINS OUT

Purity, sweet purity has its reward,  
Heaven's on guard and hits sin hard.

Purity wins out; of purity there's no doubt.

Purity of the christian, great purity of him who  
believes

In the resurrection and grieves not that Christ  
his soul receives.

Purity is the best crown to him that's up or down.

Great purity, soul preparedness for the judgment  
day,

God redeems, hurrah, and sin does slay.

Purity wins out; of purity there's no doubt.

## THE TWO COMMANDMENTS

There's commandments that are dear,  
Dear to the Christian's heart;  
Though they may hurt and sear  
They healeth up the smart,  
The longing to better love,  
And faithfully to adhere  
To the sign of the Dove,  
Leaf-evidence of Christ here.

"Love God with all thy soul."  
That is the first commandment;  
A commandment that shineth bold,  
And to the terrestrial Christian sent.  
"Love thy neighbor as thy self."  
The second. They the greatest of all!  
The two combined a library shelf  
Of biblical edicts from Adam to Thanksgiving  
festival.

These greater commandments edifies man,  
Teaches him the A B Cs of holiness;  
Christians are not mired, nor can  
Hide behind some worldly boldness.  
Christ commands his flock to teach and preach.  
His oneness of salvation to sinners;  
Christ came not into the world to reach  
The Magnate, but lowly Tanners and Tinnners.

Love God and thy neighbor, too,  
Never shirk this divine duty;  
These two commandments strew  
Christians with transfiguration beauty.  
Christ loved God and his neighbor,  
Died on the cross to fulfil this law;  
Rose again: instructed his Disciples to labor;  
Thence ascended within the heavenly awe.

## NEW WINE

Never, no never put new wine into old bottles.

An adage in three books of the testament found.  
Advise is sweet to gumption with throttles!

Dear Saviour your parables are proverbially sound.

Dear Saviour, methinks the Cosmic disasters is  
putting new wine

Into old bottles with foretold results?

Help us to touch that magic raiment of thine

And—hurry father-time to the ults.

## ORATORY

Theres power in oratory  
To good or evil ;  
Let the populace not flurry  
Or peeve at the existence of the Devil.

Theres power in oratory,  
Wield it aright ;  
Corrupt not the good story  
And, the Devil you fight.

## MY WAYS ARE NOT YOUR WAYS

God said, let there be light.

'Twas His way to create it!  
We cannot so the battle of life fight,  
Shine as we may in our finite might,  
We've got to watch and wait it.

No! our way is not His way;  
Our thought not His thought.  
We must drive slowly the dust to lay;  
But God makes it rain and, say,  
In the twinkling of an eye the work is  
wrought.

My way are not your ways.  
Oh, if they could only be!  
No chaotic ruin; no pathos in days  
That are passing, mid warring rays,  
To lodgment of the Divinity.

## RIGHTEOUSNESS

There's strength in righteousness,  
In righteousness' seamless coat;  
Righteousness is the way to triumphant peace  
And, about peace we all dote.

### 2.

There strength in righteousness,  
Ay, in Christ's seamless coat;  
It shows the way to peaceful bliss,  
Propitiating while protecting as Josephs of holy  
wrote.

### 3.

There's peace, peace in His worship  
And power, power in His cross,  
They defend against sin's cruelty  
Like the flaming sword mongst Eden's moss.

### 4.

Righteousness and strength with peace to joy and  
sing;  
Righteousness with praise to our Heavenly Lord;  
Righteousness with strength to rescue some soul,  
Help some backslider sin's moat to ford.

## HEAVEN

What a place of bliss  
The fair land above:  
What duties of naturalization?  
Nothing but love.

What works is exacted  
By the supreme being above?  
Nothing but the teachings of  
The Saviour of love.

What does the mortal then?  
Kill the sheep and goat?  
Sprinkle with Hyssop as in Biblical times?  
(Those doings of ancient rote)

Oh, no! they seek the truths  
Of the New Testament of the Lord  
And serve him according to  
The divine Apocalypse and word.



# THE HOLY BIBLE

## COUPLETS

Perfection in code of doctrine  
Is the book of books divine.

By precept proverb and lamentation  
It has governed man to his expectation.

Today Religion girdles the earth—  
“World arbitration” a reality as breath.

Oh Tome, of truth and edicts divine  
Thou hast our fealty unto the everlasting sunshine.

## ESTHETICAL NOURISHMENT

The Bible is esthetical nourishment  
Given to man by God;  
Man culls from its estheticness  
The better his conscience to prod.

The Biblical Laws are a protection  
Given to man by God;  
Man follows their provision of estheticalness  
The better His Savior to laud.

The paschal supper was Esthetical nourishment  
Given to man by God;  
Man adopts Christ's as the Christians—  
'Tis holy, not of our sod.

All, all the old and new testament  
(Given to man by God)  
Is esthetical consecration and food  
Directing him from the land of nod.

## THE BIBLE

The Bible, the Bible I love  
With its Genesis, fishes and mole;  
Salvation Leviathans will ever linger  
Thrills in my heart and soul;  
Its character I'll perpetually finger  
Until the Heavenly Goal.

The Bible, The Bible I love  
With its Christ and with its Paul;  
Revelation of sinless, active life—  
Ways and means to the Heavenly hall.  
By its finish died our strife,  
Hear, oh hear, the supernal call.

The Bible, the Bible, I love,  
Cause all things eternal are clear;  
Clarified Heaven and Earth to him who read  
The temperate voice and ear  
Of God, who willed the blest creed  
To finite that he'd be ever near.

Lines to the Revised Edition  
Pronouncing Bible Dictionary  
—SMITHS

Yes, I didn't write my note  
in vain;  
Thou duly put in an appearance  
again!  
Thanks to the Constitution, indeed,  
Thanks kindly for your heed.

Pronouncing bible of a tongue  
Whose wondrous rhythm have clung  
To Christianity, old—young.

Again yes, I didn't study thy pages  
in vain!  
Thou duly makes the fundamental things  
plain.  
Thanks to the constitution, indeed,  
Thanks kindly for your wonderful heed.

Dictionary for the Church's screed,  
Book that explains the mead  
And paths to what we plead.

## SINNERS WON'T STAY PUT

Sinners, they won't stay put

Every New Years they want to change,  
Swear off being the butt

To habits that are strange.

I cannot blame them really,

Nor find fault with their resolution;

Cast aside; lay the hems away

That fetches thee dissolution.

Like Christ sinners knew

Someone touched the hem of their garment

And, to the new habit they flew

Crying: touch it! harm it!

## WHY?

The poor we have with us today, why?  
Our poorhouse we cannot slay, why?  
Why is the poor and poorhouse here alway, why?

The prisoner is with us today, why?  
Our prisons are full, and they stay, why?  
Why is the prisoner and prison here alway, why?

The poor and prisoner we tolerate, why?  
Build them asylums uptodate, why?  
Why because of noxious habits in hours sedate, thats  
why.

## LINES OF THE SALVATION ARMY

W ow! Fighters of a beligerent force  
A rrived in the nation's defense today;  
R ested not, be catered the "Cry" away.

C ontientiously I purchased of course  
R eading-matter so current and Good—  
Y ea, how Christ the tempter withstood.

## STREET-CORNER SERVICE

Mama, please stop and listen  
To the Christian melody;  
Behold how my eyes glisten,  
Glisten to the Salvation to-day.  
Stop? Why certainly, that's the game for me;  
I'm delighted with the Captain and his musical  
army.

Of all the mortal pictures  
No sight anon is greater  
Than crowd attending lectures,  
Street-corner prayers—finished later.

Mama! Do hear them softly singing  
Jesus and the evermore glory;  
Mama, let our voices be a-ringing  
To the welkin the undying story;  
Let our sympathetic soul develope more divine—  
Christ is theirs, yours, mine.

How beautiful the Gospel truth?  
Christ is theirs, yours, mine,  
Sing it as sang Evangelist Ruth.

Mama, let us march with them to their hall;  
There's Salvation attending prayers at the mercy  
seat  
Fall in! Proceed with cadenced band and all.  
My child this is truly a Christly treat.  
The ways of Christ is Sweet Honeycomb.  
To wanderlust and citizens of Home Sweet Home,



Home Sweet Home the chords is ringing,  
    Ringing, ringing in my heart ;  
Home Sweet Home I would be singing  
    Dear Abba, Father, hope we'll never part.

## THE SALVATION CORPS

Sin cannot escape the citizen army,  
That evangelical corps and throng  
Duplicating the citizen's and city's song,  
In Beatitudes so agreeably charmy.

Rest is beneficial to us all!  
Sweet the relaxation of that melodious throng.  
Thinking always purity; how to cure wrong,  
Elemental iniquity mongst metropolitan stall.

Sin's not rest, only purity is peace  
In cosmopolitan home, court or ball,  
In favorable city, state or capital;  
Purity, the promulgation of Salvation's re-lease.

Singleness of purpose is the army corps' law:  
Conversion of the divine soul from sin,  
From want, from self; to win  
Earth's blessings and, at last, the heavenly awe.

Sin cannot escape the adaptable army  
Ever singing sweet, efficient song;  
In city, in state no cosmic wrong  
But outcry and prayer critical and charmy.

## FRAILITY OF MAN

Man was centered in the garden  
As its cultivator and warden,  
But by sin lost his sinecure—  
Blessedness like goodness doesn't endure.

Slowly His intimated emigration  
To largess of the Terrestrial expectation;  
Slowly the development of the city—  
Adobe bricks, plaques and pity.

Man was given charge of all creation,  
Things that creep and fly his elation;  
He named them all, yes, every one  
Without a rest, this glorified son.

God kept to himself their keep—  
Knew that at such labor man would weep,  
That he'd have to chastise his vanity,  
Also his non-progressive spirit of urbanity.

## THE FRAILTY OF WOMAN

Woman, blessed creater created so,  
Adam's helpmeet and beau;  
Blest companion and friend  
To the Bliss forecasted end  
Of the immortal soul we cannot comprehend.

Woman, vain seeker of power,  
Man's blessing and cursed flower;  
Whose iniquity and intrigue with the Devil  
Gave Man his residue of evil.

God cursed thee in Eden,  
Curbed thy tentative seeding,  
Thy seeking after Divine knowledge  
Regulated thee to motherhood, not college.

## AN INCONSISTENCY

Glad joy of our possessions above  
    Wells our eyes with tears—  
Or is it the tribulations on the tree  
    That stills our lusty cheers?  
We are able to battle 'gainst sin,  
    Fight iniquity in the city,  
Why, then, us lachrymose in public  
    When its per usual privity?  
Hypocrites they are not!  
    Human, as a rule is honest,

Its their dictum to have rectitude  
    Mother taught it them as a tot,  
Then, why, the inconsistency of tears,  
    When something of Christ's history is told,  
Or when the Promised Prize grows clear  
    To the yearning, zealous soul?

## THE STABILITY OF OUR UNITY

No tongue has yet succeeded  
To sing the stability of our unity!  
Christ united us when he deeded  
Communion with the Trinity.

Mellow Communion awake,  
Jacob's ladder when we sleep;  
Psalms and Parables to slake  
A thirst that heavenward leap.

A thirst that's daily satisfied  
By admonition of the Holy Spirit,  
By biblical pedigree of the Crucified  
Dying to our great merit.

No mortal yet has exhausted  
The great depths of our unity,  
Consecrated when we near had lost it  
When Republican and Sadducee couldn't  
agree.

## THE SALVATION WORK

Sinners are so awry, so unstable,  
That its necessary to bring the Sacramental Table,  
Like the Sacred Ark of old,  
To where trips Dear Mable,  
And to where shambles dear Jack—  
E'en along the corner gable.

Yes, its necessary and works good results  
In saving the morals of Doe and Holts.  
Human are funny creatures, alack!  
Loving not the Cathedral's Loving Beck;  
They are sensitive and fight shy of the Sacred  
Edifice,  
But fall to the open air service track.

The familiar surroundings and dissertation  
Works an affinity, an exaltation:  
They feel more freedom and pray  
Unhesitatingly for their diadem;  
Lauding the Salvation work to them,  
Who are friends and co-workers, a joy foray.

## A TRAIN CONVERT

You have speeded on a train  
Rejoicing at your trip?  
Satisfied with life's pleasures  
Saying, let her rip?  
Giving "the compliments of the season"  
To the stranger in your compartment—  
And a handshake to the friend—  
How happy your department?

You welcomed the press of the throng  
And pain of your tramped foot?  
Grouched not at the old palaver  
Somber as his clerical suit?  
Somber! Yet no; its color has changed to gold:  
Christ has awakened his spirit,  
That sweet Galilean spirit of old,  
In his temple now full of merit.

Nothing has happened to the train  
Its speeds as before along the track;  
Nothing has changed in your compartment  
Your conscience alone has received a thwack;  
Christ has revived his work that's all,  
Answered the prayers of the millions,  
Answered the pleadings of good converts  
For ransomed souls to number tens of trillions.



## THE PRISON CONVERT

Complements of unrighteous prisoners  
Visit the altar of their God;  
All thro' the season of their incarceration,  
In their jungle confined as any wild hog.  
Sacredness slowly begets sacredness!  
And they vow to alter their ways;  
Penitentiary bars or other confinement—  
"Never again" they solemnly say.

Their morals are improved, strengthened  
By the restrictions of the holy pen;  
They'll remember their days of sorrow  
Rejoicing at Christ's first visit to their narrowed  
den  
Their warped soul craves for a prison paradox,  
Not understanding commercial life's broadened  
sphere,  
They would have their city disciplined to Christ—  
Battling always with the wolf and their fear.

They turn preacher, to the old, old avocation,  
Burying the Jimmy and other sin,  
Visits the sick, and at prison altar  
Preaches of the Lords cleverness to win.  
Others take heart from their exalted example  
Vowing, as his reverence vowed before,  
To keep themselves under confinements stress  
In the broadening labyrinth within the city's door.

## THE TROLLEY THRONG

The trolley throng, the trolley throng,  
What a Sunday crowd?  
What a churchgoing people?  
Acknowledging Christ out loud;  
Just as if someone, with funds at par,  
Was bartering the overworked conductor.  
To accept a transfer from another car  
That had been delayed by the traffic ruck, or

The trolley throng, the trolley throng,  
How reverent the eager crowd?  
How presentable in Bible array?  
How condescending, not proud?  
They can read and sing, too,  
The sweet memorial songs;  
They can pray, they can talk;  
And to learn from Christ they longs.

The trolley throng, the trolley throng!  
How businesslike the conductor seems?  
Important and extremely courteous, too,  
Also a dash of reverence teems.  
He feels the reverentials of the christian  
Without the aid of clairvoyance;  
He hears the Halcyon sermon again—  
Once they were a great annoyance.

## THE SABBATH

Glory, dominion and laudation  
The Christian gave today  
To his Savior in a nation  
Where mortals cannot stray.

What did he receive in return  
For the obedience today?  
He has the omnipotent's promise to turn  
All darkness into day.

The inspired authors of the books  
Found in the bible holy,  
Gives illustrations, like purling brooks,  
Of all potency wholly.

Glory, dominion to the Abba above  
From every city and country;  
He is mighty and sheds his love  
On Christians who worship freely.

## CITY SONGS

Songs ring from cities  
Everywhere;  
Wondrous, beauteous ditties  
Reechoing thro' the air.

Psalms and hymns of praise  
In cities-millionaires;  
Penticostal showers raze  
Brothels bare.

Chants the children, chants  
The commonwealth;  
God is preached in hants  
Scant of pelf.

Prayers are lipsed, are breathed  
In brotherhood;  
Soon the terrestrial ball will be wreathed  
In Christ's lowly hood.

Lectures in crowded halls  
Everyday;  
Emmanuel chorused in words that falls  
In sweetest way.

Books published, pamphlets distributed  
'Mongst the throng;  
Thy meekness and goodness bruited  
Along.

Converts meet and speak of Heaven,  
Oh, sweetest speech;  
Conversation without leaven  
Within easy reach.

Missionaries in foreign state  
Translates;  
Atheist and Buddhist with jingoism bate  
Us in their hates.

Sacred songs in sermons swell  
The atmosphere;  
Sing them, brother, sing them well  
The divine will hear.

Join the anthem, brother, do,  
Join in;  
Shout the holy melody as others do  
Thy crown to win.

## THE SOLDIER'S SABBATH

No church nor rest today—  
The Sabbath was worked away.  
Could hardly get a meal  
Pitching tents in the deal,  
The U. S. cavalry in camp  
At Fort Bliss, Texas, so damp.  
Hands worked until they're sore;  
Shoes worn out—no horse to the fore—  
Clearing evergreens from the ground;  
Driving pegs retangular round  
Our new style the pyramidal tent.  
God, wot, to occupy: This Sunday sent  
And hallowed by one we love,  
Who forbids us to toil or move  
To work as in work-a-day-week,  
But, then, 'twas "necessary". Why this squeak?

## COMMONPLACEDNESS

C ommon acts and things the same  
O nly these in the army game.  
M nemonics they are of a struggle grim  
M eanly and senseless to him  
O f Christian fortitude and faith.  
N o; Nothing of the Savior from Nazareth;  
P lease, be the nation's steadfast sons,  
L ean to the yeggmen and hirelings'  
A ssorted vows of prowess to win  
C rown that only belongs to sin.  
E 'en the breath you inhale  
D amns your psychic soul to wail  
N o surrender to the ethics of him  
E nlisted to our aid in centuries dim.  
S oldiering, yes, is only sin and comonplacedness!  
S oldiers repent and don the mantle or bliss.

## SPIRITUAL PURITY

With a Christian spirit work today  
Clear all dull cares afar, away;  
Clear the orbit you so commendably tread;  
By a fervent spirit be led;  
Let the Ten Commandments of love  
Rule and transfigure thee to God above.

Tho' your orbit seems strangely dark  
Let not your depressed spirit hark;  
Kick the stumbling-spectre out of your path;  
Ask power of God, and, as an aftermath,  
Burn the old clinging, enslaving vines—  
Lo, spiritual purity triumphantly shines.



## NEVER NEGLECT

Never neglect, dear Christian,  
Sweet morning prayer!  
Pray to the Redeemer of the world—  
Never your temperate banner furl,  
Wave it everywhere.

Never neglect, dear Christian,  
Melodious sacred air;  
Sing it to the "man of sorrow"  
From the world's battlement tomorrow  
In noonday glare.

Sing and pray, dear Christian,  
It will keep you safe,  
Secure from sin and harm,  
Changing change that charm  
Thee as any city's waif.

## GOOD DEEDS

Good deed is necessary!  
Why, oh why, do you tarry  
With thy helping hand?  
Handsome is the deeds of Christ!  
Accept His salvation and tryst.  
Perfect this sub-heavenly land.

Remit of thy largess today;  
Slay, oh, the sinful spirit slay;  
Be prominent in well doing;  
Good deeds is sweet to the Lord—  
Read of His in the divine word—  
Be taught from the Lord's wooing.

Everybody's not on easy-street;  
Everybody doesn't our Savior greet,  
Tell of Him today;  
Help that needy one, oh help,  
Save him from himself and devilish whelp,  
Help him the old man slay!

God's recognition of Thy holy act,  
When at last thee leave thy earthy track,  
Is Heaven: The Heaven of our Redeemer.  
Holy is the one whose deeds are good;  
Righteousness he purchase by his blood  
Of kindness, killing his cantankerous schemer.

## THE "PUT OFF" SPIRIT

I kept putting off yester what I should have done.

Guess I'll get busy tonight;

'Twill give me a clearer conscience

And a better spirit to fight.

Used to receive a reprimand from father

When I procrastinated badly;

Would have to sit up nights

Memorizing lessons madly.

Used to have to run a message

Instead of Jennie's grand Pit-A-Pat;

It was very necessary to hurry

And the bearer pass Mr. Pussy Cat.

They wiseacres have truly said

"Train a child in the way it should go

And it will not depart therefrom until dead.

I hurry to paddle my own wood row.

## DEAR SAVIOR

Dear Savior, your seeds of salvation  
Took deep root in this waystation  
To beautiful growth of love!  
Human kindness and prayers are growing  
Until orison's are strowing  
The earth to overflowing  
And—for "First Place" in our love.

The Bible is big—an inspired law;  
Precedent without fault or flaw  
Too guide us to thee;  
Our wildness it puts to negation;  
We affirm thy better station  
And await with abnegation  
That judgment to be.

Dear Savior, your seeds of kindness  
Harkened to our blindness  
And kilt our adversary whole!  
Love in purity is sweet;  
Love gets us admission to the holy street;  
Love! Our eternal love we'll greet,  
Dear Savior of old.

## LET US PULL TOGETHER

What could the U. S. not do,

The country congregated might deplore,  
Since victory of the Americas' rustic lane and  
avenue?

Whew! Let our pull together never be o'er.

Let us multiply in liberty's right

And the right of our Holy Lord,

Let us ever pull together to fight

For Americas and the revelations blest word.

Ay, what could the new world not do,

Accomplish for civilization and the Lord?

Abolish all superfluity by cultivating the true

Vine, whose root is the biblical word.

Let us increase in strength of liberty

And peaceful strength of our Lord.

Americas united in secular and holy unity

With no outstanding obligations and plowshares  
the sword.

## SAMARITANISM'S IT

The Samaritan received the glory  
For kindness to man,  
The wounded robber all gory—  
Dying men tells tales.  
What a touching, thrilling story  
Of Christ's chosen people.

Lord, thou incline our ways  
To Samaritan activities;  
Beseech us with helpful rays  
And divine spiritual proclivities.  
Teach us that Samaritan ways,  
Ways of self-denial's IT.

Yea, 'tis only sundry self-denial  
That receives the shouts of the people;  
Those little events of trial  
You meet in everyday life;  
Small, like poison in its vial,  
But not a negative quantity to us.

Lord, incline toward us here,  
Baptise us with Samaritanism and love;  
Teach us to be humble and fear  
To roam without thee mother earth;  
Teach us to reverence thy tear  
For Jerusalem's non Samaritanism.

## SANCTUARY

Sacred spot hallowed by Heaven  
And divine spirit promiscuously sent;  
Oh, rendezvous-sanctuary no leaven  
Thy Holiness will rent.

The human is safe within thy walls,  
Protection thou meekly delivers.  
'Twas truly preparedness in primordial halls,  
Deliverance from the enemies quivers.

## THE CREATION

The creation so good, so fair,  
Developed into anything but prayer :  
Adam and Eve's nonconformity to edicts of God ;  
Cain, their son, in disobedience trod.  
Received punishment adequate to the offense :  
Exiled far away from sweet parental sense  
To the wild state and city of unruly man  
Who doesn't recognize the teachings that pan  
Redemption to eternal, everlasting light—  
Oh Lord, have mercy, Calvarian mercy tonight.



## BIBLICAL STORY RHYMED

Once it rained forty days and nights  
Drowning the generations of the world.  
The true tale is unfolded to all  
In the Holy Bible, the book hurl'd  
From primeval age to age—  
Spotlessly kept has been its page.

That rain storm was meant to destroy  
The unruly firstlings of the race;  
When its depredations were consumated  
There was a prophecy given by grace,  
Never, no never, to rain so long again  
As to flood the earth into a main.

Jehovah worked a big miracle  
To preserve his creation man  
Before he opened the windows of Heaven  
And the fountains of the deep that span  
The habitations of the sons of God,  
Those faithful sons that fear the chastening rod.

He instructed the dutiful Noah  
To build himself and sons an ark  
Which would withstand the devastating flood;  
And the man of God fervently did hark  
Unto the Almighty who so righteously spoke  
And who wouldn't stand for his ethics being broke.

Appalling was the catastrophe that duly came,  
As foretold by the omniscient God;  
And the only living man or beast  
Was those who browsed near the sod  
That the protected vessel contained  
Whilst it interminably rained.

That lesson wasn't terrible enough  
To be a warning and fingerpost,  
Man required other cautions and admonishings  
For his delinquency (no ghost):  
Fire and brimstone, miracle, etcetera—  
The Christianization for the better.

FEBRUARY 29th

I said with my morning prayer  
How do you do!  
I'm so pleased to meet thee—  
My confession's true.

Day formed from tailends  
Of the passing years;  
Ay, every fourth year  
You for duty clears.

Day we greet with prayer as usual,  
No; we don't make any change;  
We are stickers to etiquette,  
Prayer and business keeps the maximum  
range.

## MY DIARY FOR 19—

Dear old leap year 19—  
Thou too soon will die;  
Like the fallen leaves will lie  
Neglected whilst 19— delve.

Friendly notes, thee will soon be complete,  
Will I let thee by neglect to die,  
In some nook or cranny to mortify,  
And aggressively 19— meet?

Or, will I make my diary a handbook?  
Whose text is scripture indeed,  
Daily to lovingly read,  
Read thy happenings true and fluke.

Class thee with my old bible?  
Daily to be tenderly read,  
(Thoughtful thoughts of the year now dead)  
Ponder whilst traveling 19—, oh no, not idle.

## SANTY, DOES HE HIDE?

Christmastide is sweetly illustrated  
Plus and minus old Santa Claus;  
He improves the beauteous scene—  
Sleigh and reindeers in a cause  
Of jubilation to children small,  
Who confidentially write him at the Heavenly  
hall.

Santy, toy ladened Santy, does he hide?  
Where his supple steeds career?  
Wish he would leave his address  
For the chubby, anxious children here;  
Who annually try to catch him  
With letter to the Heavenly rim.

## WHICH IS BEST?

Which is the best at the end of the journey  
The mussy sinner or christian hoary?  
Which can testify with gladness and joy  
That their life was a dream and a story?

Sinner or Christian which holds the Bay  
At "finis" of lifes drama?  
For my part I believe its the Christian? don't you?  
And not the Criminal or Dram-Ma.

Sin is sweet for a withering while,  
But the Christians life is sweeter still;  
Disease and sudden death is not a bate  
To decoy the Christ-Child to quill.

Which is the best at the end of the journey  
The boisterous Sinner or Christian mild?  
Why, emphatically, the convert's is the better life—  
Graphically portray the meek, not wild.

## GENERAL BOOTH

General Booth I heard preach  
With mighty reach,  
Near a lough's beach  
    In old Ireland, a British Isle.  
He was a popular divine!  
No established church shrine  
Had larger congregation—thine  
    An inconoclast's worth while.

Last night, in goodly leasure,  
I had a Sunday's pleasure  
Attending divine service of a measure  
    'Gainst which I cannot speak:  
'Twas a branch of thy army  
In service so charmy  
That, I could listen for a week.

The young soldier component,  
An auxiliary—cogent—  
Maty with churches somnolent  
    Of the Mighty Protestant Faith,  
Thrilled hymns to popular melody:  
En passant sang they to me  
In this Harum Scarum see  
    Of divine breath.

String instrument for the hand,  
Tho' they are a vocal command,  
Duet of banjo isn't canned  
    On the street corner.  
Accomplishments are acknowledged so:  
Sister, please let her go!  
Commences a melody low,  
    Far, far from Jack Horner.

Now, that old general is eld,  
The good general I beheld  
With a city felled  
    At his feet.  
May he live long with his command,  
That happy, joyous band,  
Until the happy land  
    As his Aegis Greet.



## LAMENT THE GENERAL (GENERAL BOOTH)

The general is dead.  
Long live the general!  
So his congregation said  
As the death mask pall.

Lament you soldiers, lament for your leader,  
Lo, his Saviour desired his presence above;  
His great work is finished, his earthly work done,  
How he sleeps his long sleep of 'ndying love.  
England, America, the wide, wide world  
Has lost a sympathizer, a man of their heart:  
A man that saw a Christian' duty  
And steadfastly clung when troubles would part.  
Nothing could faize him, no work to hard,  
No toil to difficult for this wondrous man;  
God ever strengthened him and the comforter sent—  
The heathenish countries better converted by his  
plan.

Many Christians, toiling Christians in heathen land  
Bless the general tho' their trials likens the  
inquisition of old;  
They know that God befriends them, stands ready  
to receive their spirit  
When the bid farewell to their paternal fraternal  
fold.  
The general was sympathetic, love personfied, ador-  
ing!

Why not imitate this inimitably Christian leader  
Who gave so much time, patience, health, wealth  
To forward them in Christ and a bible reader?  
General Booth is dead. 'Tis the cabled message I  
ween!

England, America and the whole wide, wide world  
Dons the crape on arm, strong temperate arm  
That would have battled for his life with death  
and elements that curl'd

The general is dead, but his great work lives,  
Lives to be forwarded, developed nourished;  
Lives to be so constructed, so adapted that the needs  
of the times  
Will find the Salvation Army adaptable even to  
moorished  
Countries where intemperance, infidelity, white slav-  
ery reigns  
To the shame of the Christian corps at home and  
abroad.  
A shame that our beloved general would have giving  
Years of his life to change the current and  
tendency of their rod.  
May we meet on that shore where we've God's  
promise to meet;  
May our fellowship and song magnify our God;  
May His sweet benevolent work-spirit inseparately  
remain  
With His children, His flock of this terrestrial  
sod.

The general is dead.  
Long live the general!  
So the wide world plead,  
Ay, with dual prayers God enthral.

## THE LAST INTIMIDATIONS

Refused, spurned and rejected  
By sinners all;  
Grossly affronted the spirit—  
Still the beck and call,  
Until grayhairs, or an accident remind  
That the Godhead has been left behind.

Then, the Superhuman Endeavor  
To do and dare;  
Then, the heartrending plaint  
I'm stark and bare!  
Must I meet the annointed one so?  
Must I now thro' the Pearly Gates go?

## THE BIBLE DICTIONARY

### QUATRAIN

Biblical characters alphabetically aligned,  
A newness, a mellowness, indeed !  
I love the Bible Dictionary, an Aegis tined  
To withstand Simoniactal greed.

## A SONNET FOR THE WEEK

On Sunday imitate your affectionate mother  
In obedience of the Biblical Decolog;  
On Monday mimic the Beatitudes and other  
Truths necessary to navigate the blest fog;  
On Tuesday a friends holy example is good  
To an excellent account in the Heavenly log;  
On Wednesday the teachings of your parson isn't  
bad  
They are exercepts from the life whose blood  
Inimitably pays for thy redemption—its no fad.  
And, on Thursday, I know you would  
Not backslide to Satan's path?  
Friday and olden time Sabbath thou hath  
To the teachings of our One and only Lord—  
Oh, what an opportunity by imitating the Holy  
Word.

## THE FLORAL DAISY

### SONNET

On the Sabbath I keenly felt  
The wide, many colored belt  
Of wild daisies—A flower to pelt  
Childhood's wild, romantic days;  
And to pelt manhood's it is meet,  
And measures up in many ways  
To the native botanical flora.

Oh daisy, so small, we greet  
Thee a thing only to be possessed for a night  
If plucked from thy bed by Dora:

Water may preserve thy life  
For a short withering fight;

Thou only decoration in vase of strife—  
Living a day—dying in a night.

## THE BLESSED TRINITY

### SONNET

The preach today Christ Crucified,  
Our sins forgiven—our advocate died  
On Cavalry to that happy end.  
Thanks to the Almighty have been cried  
In past years; and at the present time  
Prayers and laudations ascend  
To the Heavenly land sublime.  
Earth's peoples rejoice with the profundity  
And righteousness of the Father's pity;  
All kingdoms and their galaxy of city  
Are persuaded that the Trinity alone is mighty  
And endeavor to keep the Commandments Holy;  
They worship and believe alone in the Blessed  
Trinity—  
Walking in the divine light wholly.

## HEAVEN

### SONNET

The earthly cities enamour and enthuse you  
Away, far away from the expected Heaven we  
love;  
In their gaities, fickleness we loose you,  
Honored and everlasting Haven above.  
Heaven, the new Jerusalem, where the Crucified  
Is omnipotent and lovingly undenied,  
As when He manifested himself on earth  
Testify the glory and life, even in death,  
Of Heaven. Oh Heaven, looming ever brighter in  
the offing nigh  
Our promised land, our cherished expectation.  
Oh Lord, thy divine ways and purification  
Breathe, yea, wreathe a chaplet on all those who will  
or can  
Be confirmed to the blessed truths which fan  
The darkest nooks of earth, the Trinity's plan.



## GOOD ADVICE

### SONNET

Be religious, for for rain  
You've ardently to pray  
Night and day,  
In every possible way,  
Or, your work is slain—  
Killed with want of prayer  
And want of thought  
For the (Droughty) morrow bare.  
Co-operation with your God  
Will never bring to nought  
Your endeavor; and the chastening rod,  
Promised at the Resurrection,  
Will not be yours for correction—  
So be religious, praying nightly ere you nod.

## WISH WE COULD SAY

### SONNET

Wish we could say: Let there be light,  
Let our unfavorable, dark night  
Be cut in twain,  
Sun to rule its day, moon to rule its night,  
The greater and lesser to fight  
The Black Pall, which blinds our sight  
In our everyday lane.

Wish we could say: Lord take us above,  
Carry us to thy everlasting love,  
Cut us from our lane;  
Then, the Heavenly sun alone would prove  
A boon in the eternal grove,  
Where Angels coo as turtledove  
To the Savior slain.

## PRAYER TELEGRAPHIC

### SONNET

Mechanically we plod throughout the Sabbath day  
Telegraphing oft, we can truthfully say,  
A prayer to Heaven and the spotless one so far away  
For a clearer conscience to better scan  
The liberal arraignment of mortal man  
To work out his own salvation.

We read and chant sacred books to a finish—  
Rapidly the daylight does diminish  
Until artificial lights, whose station  
Is in and around our habitation,  
Take office, instead of the Diurnal Orb;  
Then our spirit we bridle and curb  
Reading the family bible with anticipation—  
Verily the bible is truths consummation.

## JEALOUSY

### SONNET

Jealousy, behold we find it developed in man,  
Almost the first created man indeed!  
Know ye not that Cain did jealously plan  
And that the sanctified bleed  
Cried unto its God—now blest Trinity?  
Who summarily questioned on the hypothesis  
And punished accordingly his affinity.  
See what the first treacherous, jealous man  
Suffered by his dark deed when blood ran,  
Ran accusingly on this terrestrial abyss,  
This young earth donated to Adam  
For himself and fair Madam  
And their seed from generation to generation,  
Ay, until the unjealous receive Heavenly station.

# GOD HEARETH NOT SINNERS

John 9-31

## SONNET

Sinners, ah sinners, repent today,  
God cannot hear thee while in thy sin;  
God will reward thee! Do pray.  
    He will hear and give in;  
    Minister to thy salvation and glory.  
Sing, oh sing, the psalmist's lay,  
    It foretold the old, old story:  
    Christ redeems us to his glory.  
Sinner, repent! Call on thy God,  
He can hear thee when you pray.  
Awaken! Thy charred spirit prod  
To temperance, holiness of the holy clay.  
God can't hear when thee connive and nod  
To Bacchus—Redeeming a foreign God.

## DISASTER AND HELP

### SONNET

Many, many to the Savior crept  
As anon they promiscuously wept  
Their telegraphic message of woe  
To the democracy of the republic to flow,  
To help, with humanitarian kindness, all  
Suffering the travail of their sudden call;  
Suffering the premature crossing of the styx.  
Blessed suffering ere entry into the ultrapacifist  
hall.  
Lord thy peace lovingly affix.  
On all those who thought nothing too much  
To donate, in services, to thee.  
Pity, protect, for none such  
Here is the power of the divinity—  
Everlasting, supreme Trinity.

# IT PASSETH UNDERSTANDING

## SONNET

Tempestuous swirl, unconstitutional, I ween!  
But, hold, I'm not omniscient!  
I cannot understand the mysterious spleen  
Of the Triune, anon, anent!  
But, hold, again I say 'tis unconstitutional;  
With endangering powers they are pent,  
And to mortal very prosecutorial.  
Just think, times between their visit is only lent.  
Harvest time of the woodland  
Rolls methodically, periodically around;  
And, of course, to flood land  
Is very healthy to the ground;  
Good as the rotation of crops—  
Oh, no; I'm not omniscient, but unconstitutional the  
tempestuous drops.

## MY TESTAMENT

### SONNET

I have longed daily to peruse you,  
To know more of Heaven above;  
I'm not biased or bigoted, but to abuse you  
Is against my edicts of eternal love.  
I cherish Thee in remembrance of one who died  
And not Him alone, but the first Martyrs who  
sighed  
When stoned or imprisoned to their death  
Proclaiming in proclamation, with their latest  
breath,  
That God was their redeemer and heaven was nigh.  
Oh, glorious Heaven, celestial habitation,  
To which they soared prematurely to neath  
The cruel punishment of their fellowman;  
Or so I read in the acts of the Apostals an  
Other good books of you, my testament, the  
Heavenly plan.



## INDEPENDANCE DAY IN EL PASO

### SONNET

Say, El Paso's not irreligious for on Independence  
day  
The Salvation Army was singing in the good, new  
way,  
Singing favorite psalms and newer sacred song;  
Giving sound personal testimony, not too long;  
Annexed with prayer and benediction—  
In the very, very choicest of diction.  
Thank God, they are against the intemperate brute  
and wrong.  
There colors and standard was grounded hard  
On pavement of the Cosmopolitan city, dear pard!  
The "Last Stand", by preachment, was declared:  
Sin would have to vamoose and stay away.  
Guess the drumming tambourine by Satan was  
heard?  
City was clean in joy (Christian) array—  
Saint was sure celebrating Independence Day.

# LINES TO THE SMALLEST BIBLE ON EARTH

## SONNET

What? Thou infallible classic now  
Only material for amusement's row?  
Out of an amusement depot thou came,  
Perhaps not to be as indelible as thy name—  
Thy parental tree, the generations of illustrious fame.  
    Manufactured thou wert beside trick mates  
That glorify and bespeak the blackart—  
So tender and appealing to youths mellow heart.  
    Specific to the amatory children's fates.  
    Disappointment turns their hates  
To canker 'gainst thy fabricated part.  
    The whole facsimile of the Holy Bible,  
    Now a toy for the unscrupulous idle?  
Glorious pacification of balm and smart.

## READ THE BIBLE

### SONNET

Read the bible, 'tis good advise,  
For it tells of the way to Paradise;  
Tells of the Savior who died for men—  
Read, oh read, of it in the Good Book when  
    Sunrise and sunset wax and wane  
And at offtimes when opportunity says amen.  
'Tis also obeying the Commandments Ten  
    To let your soul wend this revelations lane.  
Read the oracles and obey the Biblical Laws;  
Read from the Old and New Testament the Christ-  
    ians cause.  
Make it your morning's morning before duty falls;  
Your night's night before the chamber calls,  
Calls thee to the silent watches, the celestial halls,  
From where Christ protects the peaceful fighter and  
    His salvation balls.

## WHO RULES?

### QUATRAIN

Does Christ rule the world?  
Christ the Savior of man;  
Rule by proxy from the Heavenly Whirl,  
Or, is it only the municipal plan?

## THE OLD CHURCH PEW

The old church pew, sweet mercy seat,  
Is honeycomb of the Lord;  
There we sing our service meet,  
Praying from the blest word;  
There we listen to homilies, too,  
Pondering the depths that be;  
There we herald the revival anew  
And to the comforter bend the knee.

Sitting or standing, kneeling in prayer,  
The Holy Ghost is truly there;  
The Holy Ghost our hearts inspire  
In the old church pew—our hearts desire.

The old church pew, dear mercy seat,  
Where heavenly aspirations spring;  
Where the Devil can have no beat  
Because Angelic inspirations string.  
No iniquity, no pestilence here can touch  
The soul in sanctuary sweet;  
Christ's covenant "when two or three" is much,  
Very much to the Christian meet.

## SING

Sing as Christ sang  
The songs divine ;  
Sing of his miracles,  
Sing of the marriage Wine :  
The Wedding feast of the law  
Pure, holy, without flaw.

The Lord was there,  
Oh, praise be to him ;  
The Lord was there,  
Oh, sing it with vim.

Sing of the Virgins Lamps so dim,  
Their oil was gone ;  
Sing, for when they sought a new supply  
The ceremony was on.  
Be warned in time, dear friend,  
Think of that unhappy end.

## EASTER

The truth is here  
For Christ is near,  
    Hallelujah! Hallelujah!  
Its just as bright  
As when the cloudy light  
Darkened Him to their sight,  
    Hallelujah! Hallelujah!

    Hallelujah! Hallelujah!  
Hallelujah this Easter Morn,  
Christ is here, oh ye forlorn,  
Come and sing unhappy one,  
    Hallelujah! Hallelujah!

His armor it is good,  
Be washed in His blood,  
    Hallelujah! Hallelujah!  
Sing this refrain with vim,  
Sing it upon the rim  
And be sanctified to Him,  
    Hallelujah! Hallelujah!

## THE SABBATH EVE

What jubilation to the Lord  
Every Sabbath Eve?  
All works are at rest,  
No heart does grieve.

Its all the same throughout the world  
No matter where you be;  
One big, strenuous hallelujah  
To the Almighty See.

What devotion and joy shown  
The dear Savior;  
All the first day of the week  
Without a waverer.



## BEHOLD YOUR KING

Behold your king,  
Your subjects all;  
See his majesty you ring,  
Now on him call;  
He'll your diseases cure,  
And prepare you everlastingly to endure.

Behold your king!  
See the crown of thorn;  
What if it pierce and sting?  
Lo we're to sorrow born.  
What will thee now ask?  
Get busy on the plebiscite task.

But the crowd with one voice  
Say, crucify him!  
It was their report, their choice,  
To protect their rim—  
The earthly mosque and home,  
They saw, not the Heavenly Dome.

Behold your king,  
Behold him on the cross  
Where black sorrows bring  
Victory! Nót loss.  
How many are grateful today  
That the Nazarene went that way.

## CHRIST EVERYWHERE

Blessed day with sun a-shine,  
Blessed day the world is mine,  
    "Christ is now here."  
That sentence is very old—  
I read it in books that mold,  
    Also, "Christ brings good cheer."

Blessed day with light divine,  
Blessed day, O Lord, of thine,  
    I ken you are here.  
Everywhere, you command this day to be kept  
    holy,  
Everywhere, free from care and work wholly  
    For Christ brings good cheer.

## SING THE SACRED SONGS

Sing the sacred songs, laud the God Almighty,  
Laud the minister, too;  
Your heart longs, your heart's flighty,  
As the minister's true blue;  
Stop the depredation by sweet aspiration  
And cling as your minister, do!

Hear the organ softly peel  
Cadence of holy laudation;  
Can't you the Holy Spirit feel  
Prompting you to inspiration?

Melody is hypnotic, prayers are the same,  
And the minister sweet supplication;  
Your heart is erotic, your heart is tame,  
Yet joyous in dedication  
At the service to the Lord; hark the Angels lisp  
the word  
In the sermon's edification.

Hear the organ softly peel  
Cadence of holy laudation;  
Can't you as sweetly peel,  
Promptly ditto the aspiration?

## SUNDAY

Sunday, day of rest  
By God given;  
Sunday, day of the best  
Hallowed by Heaven.  
Day of gladness, day of joy;  
Day that contains no alloy.

Sunday and Sunday-like holidays  
Days of holy rest;  
Days of supplication. Say,  
Would you part with the best?  
Would you give back the present of God?  
Given weekly to sprout as Jesse's rod.

## HALLELUJAH

Choruses rent the air,  
Sermons everywhere,  
    Hallelujah! Hallelujah!  
Salvation Army flag a-flying,  
Old Glory hoisted and lying  
'Gainst the staff whose trying  
    To say, Hallejah!

Hallelujah to the preacher,  
To the Christian teacher,  
    Hallelujah! Hallelujah!  
To the vocal sister  
And to the vocal mister,  
To those congregated, I say: List, er,  
    To God's hallelujah.

## WORKS

Works is the all in all  
That builds the temple above;  
That fells the hindering wall  
To eons and eons of love;  
To God's eternal glory;  
To God's mystery hoary.

Prayer works the mystery  
To man's works on earth,  
Destroying the vain iniquity—  
Destroying it in its birth.

Works is saving a sinners soul  
From its earthly Devil;  
Casting away the fetters whole  
By power of prayer over evil;  
Knocking the stumblingblock away  
From the paths where sinners stray.

## SING

Sing thru the days of the week  
With spirited tongue;  
Sing and the good Lord seek,  
Oh, favored one.  
Sing, sing, all the time;  
The Savior's name to meter rhyme.

Sing melody into your heart  
By singing sacred song;  
Sing ready song with the choir's art  
All week along.  
Sing when malignant danger you meet;  
Singing your Savior greet.

## CHRISTIAN REJOICE

Christian, rejoice for thy Church  
The Savior of men here;  
Man's principle is wayward, it does lurch  
From the pivotal road so dear.  
Have the joy of the Disciples who obeyed,  
Obeyed Christ when He his new doctrine displayed.

Christian, joy in thy missionary duty,  
Thy work which Christ laid done;  
Know that when he sent men to preach purity's  
beauty,  
Beauty of character and home, he meant everyone,  
Everyone of this metropolitan see.  
Joy in thy work-relation Heavenly.



## WHY HEAR YE HIM?

Why hear Ye the redeemer,  
Or read His story wholly?  
Why walk in peace and plenty,  
Able in oblation holy?  
Why be a christian at all?  
Why hear ye the Redeemer call?

### CHORUS

Why hear, why hear the Savior's call,  
Oh, ye the wayward lowly?  
See thy wake is only debris,  
Thee to perdition is drifting slowly.

Why hear ye Thy maker at all?  
Your set is alright?  
Does not your club fraternize?  
Giving thee pleasures and not blight?  
Thee like the woodland flowers blooming!  
Why hear ye Him in the glooming?

Why hear ye the Savior mild,  
Or protest the blighting wile?  
Why have home and comfort,  
Holiness, peace and smile?  
Why sing the sacred song?  
Why pray against all wrong?

Hear the Lord's testament again,  
He will fulfill his vow;  
Resolve to work for cleaner polity—  
Protect e'en the brittle bough.  
Radium is not half so healing—  
Why hear or go to Him stealing?

## THE CALL

Think mortal, thy Heavenly Father  
Is calling today;  
Calling thee to Him and His glory.  
Wilt thee obey?  
Leave the derelict and prepare  
Thy spirit for the eternal—somewhere.

Think mortal, who it is gives the call,  
That's calling thee away;  
'Tis the fairest of all that's fair  
Dwelling in the fairest land—somewhere.  
Will thee live temperate in things temporal?  
Leave the sinking wreck and walk the new  
chapparal?

## BROTHER OBEY

Come let us evangelize brother,  
Today! This blest day;  
Call relation; call one another,  
Today! This holy day.  
Let us rejoice in the goodness of the Lord.  
All ye earth obey the blest word.

Obey as brother to brother  
The teachings of our Lord;  
Obey as you would your mother  
Who first taught thee the holy word.'

Let us consummate our truant act,  
Oh today! This sacred day;  
Let us obey while the spirit beck,  
Oh today! This holy day!  
While there's opportunity to change your way  
Hesitate not, oh brother, obey.

## IS THERE BLISS?

Is there bliss without thee,  
Bliss that's bliss in word and deed  
Do we rejoice about Thee?

Is our joy only when we read  
Thy miracles and works of pity  
In that biblical metropolitan city?

Is there bliss anywhere  
But the bliss of our Lord?  
Is there joy but in temperance bare?  
The temperance of the holy word.  
Man's workable life is found in the acts,  
Sacred Dogma and testifying tracts.

## THE LORD BE WITH THEE

The Lord be with thee  
And help thee to delve!  
Pray Him not to flee  
And to your battleaxe be the helve.  
Jehovah always remembers his sons  
Even if they sojourn with the Huns.

The Lord be with thee!  
Be thee with Him.  
Heart and soul to Him flee.  
He will enlighten, not dim  
The soul that he dearly loves,  
And ever to its protection moves.

## OUR JUDGE

Our Judge is up above  
In the land of light and love,  
In the celestial land!  
We are finites here below  
Toddling onward thru sin and woe  
To the haven where all converts go  
From this terrestrial land.

Our Judge at last we'll meet  
In the land where Angels greet,  
In the celestial land.  
We are finites in our stay,  
But we will at last away,  
Thru cloud and sky that's gray,  
From this terrestrial land.

Our Judge is up above  
A Judge of light and love  
Proffering the celestial land.  
We are finites in our love  
Waddling thru this sinful grove  
Expecting the infinite's love to dove-  
Tail the terrestrial land.

## LORD HAVE MERCY

Lord have mercy, have mercy, O Lord,  
For my indiscretion of thy day and word;  
Sightseeing, epicuring, going to the show,  
Is why I petition thy mercy here below.  
Foreign land stole thy preachings away,  
Even darkness found me askew, astray.

Have mercy, O my Lord,  
Teach me to obey thy word;  
Even now thy disciple I'd be,  
Direct me from thy Heavenly See.

Lord have mercy, have mercy, O Lord!  
Thy unruly children has built a pleasant ford  
Of temptation for Thy flock;  
They can hardly resist the knock  
Of gait, so wondrously fair,  
It makes me prisoner 'mongst the unrighteous  
blare.

Lord have mercy, have mercy, O Lord!  
All day the city drew away thy protecting  
sword;  
Made me patron of ungodly place  
(On thy Sabbath) what disgrace?  
Couldn't appreciate thy day of rest,  
Must be carnal, bestial lest

Thou would have mercy, O my Lord,  
And teach me to obey thy word;  
That, even now, thy disciple I'd be,  
Direct me from thy Heavenly see. Amen.

## LORD OF BEAUTY

Lord of beauty, spirit of mind,  
Spirit of works, and, oh, so kind  
To the cripple, halt and blind  
And the incurable leprous man  
Saying "unclean" while begging his bread;  
Praying for strength and peace to his bed;  
Praying, perhaps, for things that were dead—  
Ignorant of Jehovah's plan.

### CHORUS

Lord of beauty, peace and strength,  
We pray Thee the breadth and length  
Of the earth-round, mountainous sphere—  
Scour of its poisons—give cheer!  
Rule peacefully in the hearts of men,  
Cleanse thy temple for its diadem.

Lord, loving man, meek king,  
Once thy triumphant travels did bring  
Peace and joy and song to ring;  
Gratitude and sight to the blind,  
To the dead—but they only slept—  
Tho' companions for them sorely wept,  
Bereaved their loss—but Thee the adept  
Physician was kind.



Lord of beauty, hear the sweet prayers of the meek;  
Let us worship and thy everlasting glory seek.  
Spirit of purity! Strengthen the weak—

Thy faithful followers here!  
Sons of God, united, pure, whole;  
Every kindred welcomed to the fold;  
Welcomed to salvation's welcome goal—  
To a Christians holy career.

#### CHORUS

Singing ever of the Savior's strength;  
Walking ever the narrow ways length;  
Worshipping their Savior on this sphere,  
Strengthened by prayer and biblical cheer.  
Living as Christ would have them live—men—  
Upright, steadfast in equity of Church and secular  
den.

## DARKNESS

Come, ask your affronted spirit to quit  
The commensurable darkness and rowdyism in  
life;  
Ask it, correspondently, to hurry and flit  
The highways to the low-ways, not of strife.  
Come, be a communicant of the Church  
And quit that horsy, high-sounding lurch.

### CHORUS

Come out of the ways of darkness, leave the dead  
life,  
Don the holy envelope, disrobe the mantle of strife;  
Come, be honest, upright, a communicant, come!  
Come, lavish peace and plenty is always rife!  
Honor and glory awaits you, quit the rowdyness  
rum.

### 2

Darkness is treacherous, slowly the paths you tread,  
Leave the beggarly life's highways;  
Speed on the new found streets of gold instead.  
Oh, leave the quicksand, the rock all fear allays,  
Come, besiege salvation, a Pacifist's peace win,  
Courtly and glorious the ways free from sin.

### 3

Come, demand that cowering spirit to dismiss,  
Dismiss the endangering cantata of sin;  
Assemble, not dissemble, with those who daily kiss,  
Chant's helps of righteousness sweet peace to win.  
Bitter are the dregs of an uncultivated life,  
Cultivate the Christian spirit in yourself and wife.

Quit the ungodly darkness, foresake the slough for-  
ever,

Sweetly sing in the choir of our Lord ;

Be renewed, by the parable of love, and sever

Unholy bonds forbidden by the holy word.

The bible and prayer-book and hymnal, too,

Are boon companions a bedraggled spirit to renew.

## A PRAYER

Man of works divine  
Capture this heart of mine;  
Let it with radiance shine,  
    Son of God!  
Mold it to thy gentle way  
Whilst it nomadiclike stray,  
In thy service, away  
    To the land of nod.

Man of pity divine  
Pity from that heart of thine  
When we sleep or when we dine  
    In the land of nod.  
Let Thy blessing descend  
On all mortal who lend  
Ear and, this invocation send  
    To the Son of God.

## BAPTISMAL SACRAMENT

Glad, oh, glad we are today  
To partake and forsake  
Sin's blighting, consuming ray.

Holy sacrament, ordained by him  
Who was crucified and died  
That sinners might their soul-light trim.

Blessed body and more blessed blood  
Taken meekly and discreetly  
In remembrance of him and his Cross of wood.

Sacred bread, holy, holy Wine!  
Baptism we adore for evermore,  
Indulging, blending our spirit with thine. Amen.

LINES WRITTEN AFTER READING  
"DEATH TO PROHIBITION "

Wine fermented: To study thy anatomy  
Is education to me;  
But to intoxicate my system—  
Oh, horrors! to damnation I flee.

Man may have improved his lot  
By application of thy distillation?  
But, my heavens, to be a drunkard  
Is to be an alien to the nation.

The commonwealths of the world  
Lean to the temperate existence;  
I'll follow and obey their mandates,  
They lead to the least resistance.

Friction is mighty and hateful, indeed,  
Think what a little grit can do?  
Spoils the journal—gee, I'm verbose!  
Let me live my dry period, whew.

## BROTHER

Brother, come let us play in the garden?  
Steal stealthy away from our warden.  
Yes, we'll go and pray amongst the flowers;  
Spend, oh spend, such happy hours  
As the wild butterfly and honey bee  
Mimicking our prelate or D. D.

### CHORUS

Brother, please come to my bower?  
Let us pray one little hour?  
Let the wild bird and the flower  
Teach us to our Savior cower.  
Brother, please come, come away  
Let us pray, sing and play.

Brother, come along to the pungent sunshine;  
Seek the laurel where the songsters outshine  
The silent trees of the garden clump—  
Behold some broken to a stump.  
Let us play while the garden we romp  
Singing, brother mine, is not our only trump.

## LACHRYMOSE

Sister, sweet sister, why do you cry?  
Why make me sorry? Wish to die?  
What is the error in your life today?  
Have you forgotten to wind up a smile for me, pray?  
Sister, laugh and grow big, please, do!  
Mama and I wants you too.

### CHORUS.

Why are you lachrymose? Why sad?  
Why shed those tears? Why not be glad?  
Everybody is smiling, and the sun is smiling too,  
Nobody is sorry but you, you!

Sister, bright sister, I love you so,  
And, dear Jesus, loves you as a beau.  
Don't be tearful unto death;  
Fetch not sighs, but take long, deep breath  
It will keep thee happy and content  
And you know its noughty to be discontent.



## JOY

Rejoice with me, oh dollie mine,  
Be converted! Save that soul of thine.  
Come be oneness with me—  
There's salvation in serving the Trinity.  
Love "Our Father" who lives up in Heaven—  
Here's kisses, dear dollie, seven.

### CHORUS

Joy, there's joy in the service of the Lord;  
Joy, there's joy daily reading his word,  
Memorizing the verses the Episcopalian sing;  
Mute verse that Seraphiclike ring;  
Voiced as the best rhymed verse of meter;  
Sung where Christian's work teeter.

Rejoice with me, oh dollie mine,  
Heed me not when I affront the spirit of thine;  
I am vainglorious and so forgetful,  
Wanton, heedless and so neglectful;  
Liable to forget that I love thee  
When I commune with the Godhead above thee.

## SORRY

Sorry, oh, so sorry, my Savior dear,  
For my waywardness and sin;  
Wipe away my dear mama's tear—  
Take your little sinner in,  
In those arms so gentle and strong—  
Redeem him from his naughtiness and wrong.

### CHORUS

Sorry, oh sorry, dear Savior, I am!  
Sorry, dear mama, I havn't been a lamb.  
I've been barbarous to thee and God,  
I deserve thine and his chastening rod.  
Have mercy, oh, mother, mine;  
Compassion Savior, Savior divine.

Sorry, oh, so sorry, dear Savior, your lamb!  
Spurn not his advances of penitence;  
Help him, oh help him, to sing a psalm.  
Mother, oh mother, of such endearing credence.  
Be his standard accompaniment to joy.  
Dear Savior, oh mother, pity your boy.

## REMINISCENCE

When I was about ten years old  
Father, whose sleeping 'neath the mold,  
Took me on tour of Tandragee's spinning mill  
To behold the intricate machinery and still  
My yearning, childish, unmechanical mind  
About the mysterious machine and kind  
That callow youth can't go near,  
Instantaneous fright, keen fear  
Possesses his enquiring brainy system.  
See him cuddle closer, closer to 'em  
(His escorts) whose guide and tutor him  
Concerning the pousy, watery way, light or dim,  
Until he arrives at the terminus beginning  
And wondering deeply breathes the pure air ringing  
With the telegraphic-telephonic wires,  
The quick method of the business manager's desires.  
He remembers the block of hackling pins,  
Also machinery which skilfully spins  
The Irish flax into precious yarn  
To be woven into cambric or grooming rags for  
barn.

In carding room I saw where mother worked  
And stable where father never shirked.  
Brother's lathe was stopped, ay, very dumb  
But his "turnings" in revolutionary hum  
Hum on dear sister's spreading frame,  
Which she fired to be a laundry dame.  
The sodden yarn, in the hot spinning room,  
Cagged, ready to be hoisted to glassy dome  
Where elder sister reeled and reeled  
The live long day, religiously steeled

('Twas piecework) to have a pay next Saturday  
 Plus the payment before so gay.  
 Holidays, welcome holidays, arrive periodically  
 And L. S. D. is their monetary crown, by gee!  
 Saw the hanging hanks in drying loft so warm,  
 There, silence reigned without loss or harm.  
 Once father toiled and sweat at job like this.  
 Alas, it turned out to be uninteresting bliss:  
 Thought of his cherished family's position  
 And what would be their future condition,  
 So solicited change from factory to mill—  
 Laurelvale was transformed into Tandragee's hill.  
 Lundy the traitor is burned there every year;  
 Damaged nationalists there tread the streets in fear.  
 King William the third's memory lives;  
 As does the star chamber and Gyves,  
 The inquisitional paraphernalia of those nationalist's  
     sires  
 (Primeval Christendom's iron bound tyres)  
 Away, away back many, many troublous years—  
 In 1690 the prince of orange ended protestant's  
     tears;  
 Gave them of his cup to fervently drink:  
 Bibles, dogmatic literature, peace, pen and ink  
 To endite their polity for their new nation—  
 Oh, blessedness beyond condemnation.  
 Wonderingly amongst their Christian inventions I  
     stood;  
 Amazed! But yet I hardly understood  
 The alpowerfulness so varied and intricate  
 From tow card to yarn desiccated.

MY SOJOURN IN A HOSPITAL,  
MINDANAO, P. I.

SCENE.

The scene where this story is laid  
Is in a hospital of Mindanao's Glade.

TIME.

Sultry Summer of turbulent 1906  
When Moro's executed very much live tricks.

PROLOGUE.

I was sick, but not very sick.  
Had a swollen eye from sting of tick,  
Or Lizard which abound in barracks  
Continually a-dropping from rafters to backs  
Of those soldier guardians' of the territory,  
Where I endeavor to lay this story.

STANZA "A" TO "Z."

The hue and cry of victory has swelled  
Reaching up provisionals welled  
In our beauteous and best of posts  
Awaiting the call for re-inforcing hosts.  
The battle of Bud Dajo was a victory!  
Again the Archipelago of Jolo was free,  
Free from piracy and willing foemen.  
America's defenders harbored no den  
Of thieves and cutthroats; no clique  
Of Mohammedan was in power to tick  
The deathwatch of an American son,  
Their wings was clipped every one.  
Camp Overton's routine hardly received a shock  
Troopers went a-diving from the pile-driver and  
dock.  
How magnificent this selfsame dock?

What a vista from sound of hospital clock?  
 Post hospital on first series of hills  
 That stilts chic lake Lano's chills.  
 A long flight of several terraced steps,  
 Or a serpentine road to its labyrinth depths.  
 Banana trees bearing bunches of fruit,  
 Edible to native, foreigner and brute;  
 Plantain trees growing much the same  
 Over this sickman's cherished domain;  
 Also the erstwhile umbrella tree—  
 Better classified under the technical bee  
 Of "Chinaberry"—with flowers and berry,  
 A weakling as the luscious cherry  
 Where coacoanut, mongoes and hardy butternut  
 Abounds for the cooks gaping pot.  
 I used to wander to the bestraddling porch  
 Gowned in kimono not of Heaven's terrestrial church.  
 No; a hospital is a different establishment  
 Than the standard edifice devoted to Christianity's  
     balm and lint.  
 No surplice did our Episcopalian chaplain sport—  
 Indeed he held song service in Thespean court.  
 I would, to try my strength and skill,  
 Manipulate the manumotor chair and fill  
 The porch with elastic laughter and wit  
 By my "comings and goings" to and fro,  
 Eye doped with bandage of liniment dough.  
 My converse to some of the incacerated men  
 Would be of the Philippine's disease ridden den.  
 A schoolmaster would edify us all  
 With an account of his habitation in a fiery call,  
 A conflagration of the simply constructed nepa hut,  
 And, Oh my, the near shave he had from death and  
     cut:

His gallant rescue of his trunk and books  
While the infidels gazed on weathering frightened  
looks.

Moro Gentry are uniformed with tightfitting  
Breechcloth

And Sarong of negro-beauty-prints and moth.

A Bizarre appearance to an American pedagogue  
Struggling to overcome fired Nepa on frame of log.  
Other patients were cavalrymen and civilians per-  
haps for the grave;

One soldier wearing a perforation for which I didn't  
crave:

Used to watch the ward steward and medico

Probe for a compress of a yard or so;

Medicate a new one, and for a minute

Would be passing, passing that rag in it.

A Chinese had his lower extremities diseased—

He was secularly interesting before he was eased.

Told me in rigmarole that he caught the itch travel-  
ing streams.

Didn't fancy the malady even in my dreams.

The various organizations would alphabetically come

To have their fingerprints registered—dumb

And concrete evidence for the unspayed futurity:

For instance: if shadowing crimes should proven be

'Gainst one of the well paid personnel of the cavalry,

Soldering at home or in lands across the sea—

Desertion, fraudulent enlistment in age or name,

Those recorded phrophylactics would scream and  
frame

The advocate for conviction. Presto, convicted  
felon.

Prisoners arraigned to courtmartial are whilom,

Ay, "guilty" until duly proven otherwise

And in custody of "the officer of the day" lies.  
 No bail can keep them out of the guardhouse prison,  
 Tho' "rank" would be a factor as a prism  
 In classification of the elemental, primary ray  
 That encompasseth us roundabout throughout our  
 day.  
 Interesting and klaedoscopic it was to (painfully)  
 watch  
 The work of the hospital corps—A well drilled  
 batch—  
 As to behold the local firmament darkened  
 By Myriad flocks of flitting Vampire harkened  
 To the many watches of Luna's (to them) magnetic  
 night;  
 Or the pest of grasshoppers swarming tight  
 Eating and browsing on tropical trees and lichen,  
 Garden truck, fruits, and flowers pitching  
 Their beauty and fragrance into the atmosphere,  
 The same shocked by one mighty hum and jeer.  
 Grasshoppers are very courageous in their flit,  
 Will brush you, bump you, and headon hit  
 Pedestrians square in the visage's orb. Lo,  
 The reservation is covered for a mile high or so,  
 Can bearly scan the good, florid, friendly sun  
 Setting where the bay waters tide, boom and run.  
 The ward superintendent, each and every morn,  
 Would punctiliously visit us after the chores borne,  
 Those necessary duties to bed and toilet,  
 Though the same the simplest as a peeping violet  
 Growing in cultivated bed, so comfy, no nice.  
 The aforesaid flowerbed a dial of clock whose price  
 Uncatalogued 'mongst the mammoth ads of mer-  
 chandise.  
 Jeweler and merchant businesslike boosts entice



Customers to purchase "in holiday rush" his wares  
To his self-aggrandizement and civic stares.  
He was camaraderie and pity merger in one!  
Would do his level best to raise the sun  
Of the deadened surroundings with lively joke  
Culled from Judge or Life; and surreptiously poke  
Comicality in prose or pictures from the latest paper,  
Which would be a month old, by japer!  
Transports are a slow mail distributors, I ween,  
Nothing is fast except the metropolis' green.  
Manila, a coral gem of the Philippine groupe.  
Browse, oh Browse Americano on the tropical poop;  
Browse midship and stern 'tis thy own floral east  
Rapidly transforming to an argosy-American,  
Leased

By right of conquest and victory galore—  
Two wars baptise thy palmy shore.  
I was a unite in the defense of thee!  
Now in sorrow I gazed across the requiting sea  
At the Pacificist's civilization and happiness,  
Yea, from depths of this treacherous territorial  
abyss.

The isolation tents was a repellent camp!  
What dreaded plague was rampant and clamp  
Some soldiery individual far, far from home  
Where sweet parents waited in vain to welcome?  
I would gaze across and become goosed—intimi-  
dated,

Lest I was for that foreign encampment slated.  
Slated that ward with isolation like the Island  
Moloka,, indeed,  
There leprosy buries its dreaded, malignant seed.  
Shamming physical unity I'd confidently assert to  
the chief

That I would like to go for duty! Unfeigned grief,  
 And take a plunge to Iligan without an eyesore.  
 Silent and deadly, would grip me the while,  
 Ay, heartsick I'd be tender as a child.  
 Daily I could see Datus with their wives and  
     Hombres  
 Traveling, traveling to Iligan beneath the shade  
     trees.  
 Daily I could hear the bells of the campanied pony,  
 Also "Sigue" of post guard to trespassing phony  
 Who hates the alien master born in the continent  
     new,  
 Now trespassing, ay, monopolizing his county,  
     whew!  
 Perhaps a pony would balk, or rambumptiously  
     run away;  
 A native chicken fight—prize cocks sans bolo and  
     cockpit's gray;  
 A race for "Aqua" to be hurriedly bolted—drank  
 From dipper—an improvised elephant ear, coconut  
     shell—at tank;  
 A bargaining in Spanish for a native mat,  
 Or marketable rooster of good tropical fat.  
 A baseball game I'd look down upon periodically,  
 A nine—fans from the diving torpedo boats verily.  
 Squadron was deployed in Kriegspiel to Malabang.  
 Surgeon returned me for duty ere the bitter fang,  
 Country of the Moro, was flanked and traversed.  
 'Twas a lasting joy to me, a trooper well versed  
 In the multitudinous strategic duties of cavalry,  
 To be quartered once again by the big rolling sea;  
 To be amongst, aye, to be one of the lusty and strong,  
 Those disciplined huskies of tragic story and song;  
 To be able to visit the deep blooming seashore

## NIAGARA

Falls and cascades I've seen  
By the dozen "big and little,"  
But thou hast the plum, oh scene,  
Scenic big and tittle.

'Twas as dark as dark could be the night I gazed  
on thee;  
Perhaps old Luna shed her light, but how the trees  
of the park benight?  
Benight—and Niagara's marvellous glee.

Galaxy lights of manufactory that surround you  
attracted my attention as thy waters pound  
you;  
Icy mettle had thee in its grip; cold was the prospect  
for a dip—  
Winter was exploited around you.

Cold was the night when I pondered thy boom  
where thy running waters thundered  
Gracefully over the Angular precipice, and where I  
stood in the snow the railing was ice—  
Thy guardian's thorn—so that I wondered.

Mechanically thy human guardians thee watched,  
ever on the qui vive they despatched  
Thy daily and nightly readings, and war-sentinels,  
on sentry go, heard thy pleadings,  
Pleadings at dejeuner matched.

Goat Island to me was so forbidding that to explore  
it I'd only be kidding,  
And Toronto made it a side issue (this valuable  
gem) consequently Canada, I love thy diadem  
For work-a-day week thou art so hidden.

I sought the assistance of the old commissioner  
whose friendly lights didn't flare  
Enough enticement for me, a stranger, to stroll the  
bypaths of the tiny island mountain, I fain  
might roll,  
Roll into the treacherous rapids there.

At least—a drenching. In the extreme—death.  
How horrid to contemplate neath the “Lady  
of the Midst's breath?  
This gentlemanly official was courteous, indeed, sold  
me literature my purse to bleed—  
Whose legend this spotlight of earth.

Receiving minute directions of the route I hied  
myself to make the Canadians pout:  
Paid a dime in toll to cross the International bridge,  
which is lengthy; for the St. Lawrence is no  
midge—  
Pleasure and freighter ply about.

Was awakened from Niagara's noisy, hypnotic spell  
by challenge of armed sentinel who finally said,  
alls well!  
Turning me over to the commander of the guard,  
while cipher omens typed my brainbox hard,  
For I dreaded the inquisition sometimes fell.

Passing my cardboard carte-blanche to an officer  
of rank (mechanically a second sentry passed  
to and fro on our flank)

I silently wondered how many pickets they had  
distributed along this boundary as a fad  
And protection from dynamiter crank?

He demanded my business in tone of conscription:  
Where I was born; what I worked at I had to  
give discription.

He glistened when he discovered that I once be-  
longed to England and a discharged soldier out  
of a command—

Returning home a secularist to restriction.

Begged me to call in again when I sent my postals  
home. Gladded my heart with an invitation  
to roam.

Every place in hilly Canada was closed so corres-  
pondence on this trip couldn't be nosed—

Bitter communion on the auspicious occasion—  
Anon Buncombe.

Returning, he suggested I'd better try the saloon, but  
the idea seemed too preposterous so I left his  
toon.

Repassing the working Tommy I honked "good-  
night" tho' unfavorable his accoutrements for  
fight,

Decorating him like a scudding moon.

His officers den tanged me with cosiness until I did  
admire office paraphernalia, maps, stove with  
fire.

Bravely I adventured the park adjacent the famous  
falls inwardly sorrowing at night's palls—  
Blankety blank darkness and wintery ire.

I pondered the missing of a pullman's peep at the  
scenic gorge, and, bless your heart, the daylight  
fires of Niagara forge,

Also the alien state whose reciprocity we seek—  
tariff is sweet even to the classy meek:  
Peace, always peace the U. S. urge.

What a nuisance the engineer who runs his train  
late? Tempting us to overstay where they  
cant properly accommodate,

Where we don't want to register and be a resident;  
where we're loosing more than we're gaining  
and with sorrow pent,

Sorrow—not the clairvoyance dreamy sate.

Sorrow at our losses in business transaction; sorrow  
at train's tardiness and night's election,

Night when unfamiliar sights is darker than the  
darkest hour (shadows dont mark 'er)

And disparagement exploits its action.

Criminal was the railroads dilatoriness for artificially  
lit was Niagara Abyss.

Niagara Falls" a lodestone to the sightseer and  
current timetable disregarded—jeer—

Yet, no; we the dove of peace kiss.

## LINES TO BELFAST

What do I remember of Belfast?  
Well, I'll tell you in fiery blast:  
The city's avenue and street  
Has loud and fervent beat  
Of kettle and bass Drum,  
Also instruments borne on the thum.  
How well they pierce that local empyrean —  
Oh, the music so beautiful augean.  
Methinks, God blessed those minstrels  
For luxuriously the cavehill city swells  
In population and resident chic.  
There, fife, flute and piccolo pick  
The lover of the music grand.  
Oh, Belfast is the best city of that land!  
Yes, par excellence and fairest in demand.  
There, arches span and emblematically stand  
A sabaothic monument of the day—  
An anniversary's good fray.  
There, civic sons grandly rejoice  
With mighty drum and voice  
In the field for the purpose,  
In field where no rancor blows  
To the various fraternizedations.  
Yet those of green hallucinations  
Pout, peeve and bemoan their lot,  
Can't join in and celebrate, not plot  
The overthrow of the years now past—  
Good twelfths of July in Belfast.  
Yea, regalia in multi-color  
Decorate debonair persons fuller  
For the auspicious occasion,

When the honorable caucasian  
Remembers past glory, immortal  
In song and statue of portal.  
William of orange, the beloved!  
King William who successfully shoved  
His victorious army across the Irish sea,  
Clashed with King James and made him flee  
To the French sanctuary an alien,  
An alien of the highest honor and den  
An exile from his mighty throne—  
A throne of greatest fame and tone.  
Now they lovingly congregate,  
Mimicking the good victor's hate.  
Oh, glorious, victorious, momentous day  
That chased catholicism away;  
That has the drum beating  
Though the weather be sleeting  
Or broiling, sultry hot.  
Popular musical selections roll  
As the pegeant proudly stroll  
In cadenced step; the Orangeman  
Exalting his beloved country; an'  
Exotic fauna and flora  
Dazzling the radiance of fair Dora.  
He hates to be a recluse, or need  
Everlastingly the bible to read  
For nought until the dark noon;  
Bibliomania he does croon  
As he celebrates the glorious day  
His forefathers loved, hurrah!  
Hurrah—"finis coronat opus."  
The end crowns the work. plus  
And minus the day is celebrated,



Decadent Fenianism bullily bullbated.  
 Striated as her sunset on Lough and Hills  
 Her buildings speaks of prosperity, not ills.  
 Her Town Hall, her Library, her College  
 Pave the brain of the stranger as maulage  
 Of shipcarpenter on transatlantic Liner  
 That her municipality and streets are fine, none  
     finer;  
 That her polity and commissioners is O. K.,  
 Equitable as her landlocked quay  
 Where interisland commerce rolls on,  
 Ever on! the Orangemen's day it does scorn;  
 Or her shipyards, spinning mills, etcetera—  
 Hers is an industry found nowhere any better.  
 Ferries supply the want of Harbor Bridges;  
 Heather blooms purpler on her ridges.  
 Orange Lily, Sweet William and Batchelors Button  
 Are sported by everybody but Paddy Dutton.  
 Paddy is for the Shamrock and Green and White;  
 His musical instrument, the Harp. for it he'll fight.  
 But remember string Instruments is not the all  
     in all—  
 Manufacturers of Wind Instruments has a thousand  
     at call.  
 Why stick to one? Why not assimilate the variety?  
 Celebrate as Orangeman and not as stay-at-home  
     Moriety?  
 Her Parks I just idolize for they are just splendid,  
 Flowerbeds bespeaks well of being carefully  
     attended;  
 But, oh, if the open air Park flowers pass  
 What of her Botanical Gardens where exotics are  
     enmass?

Oh, her window Potted plants are simply grand;  
Her Hawthorn and Boxwood and Lough strand  
Is gorgeous and satiates her population,  
Who goes wild for progressiveness and decoration:  
Cockade Hat, Apron, sash, musical drum—  
What do I remember? Well, cast up the foregoing  
sum.

Yea, to be where the Orange Lily  
And sweet William bloom,  
And think only of King Billy  
To dispel the Blues' gloom  
Which eats my heart away  
And the Revelations bright ray.

Yes, to wear once again in buttonhole  
The emblem of the Orangemen;  
To know that truths so bold  
Is the fundamental principle and plan  
Of my brother born in the land  
Of St. Patrick, the Presbyterian grand.

## IRISH BONFIRES

In old Ireland the bonfire is chronic  
In July and August of the year ;  
Protestantism is blatantly resonic  
In this kind of dangerous cheer.

Parnell,—Lundy and oft times a Papist  
In effigy is burnt—  
Don't while in parliament use a bigoted fist  
Or you'll soon get the inherent

Piecemeal, fiery antidote for your disease :  
Torches of turf, sauterated with parafine,  
Will tinge, blazon on the city streets as fleas  
Of hovel in city slum.

Erstwhile this pleasure and annual pastime  
Is excellent in its way.  
I've attended and celebrated to rhyme  
Of fire and drum in city and o'er brae.

Bad deeds (done in hatred)  
And bad valour (Amen)  
Is remembered. Paid in full—freighted  
Is the belligerency never slain.

Oh, old Ireland is an awful trouble  
Worshipping an Italian Pope,  
Who considers himself an infallible double  
Of Christ our only hope.

Wants Home Rule this coming year,  
Emerald Isle of harp flag green,  
Who worships an Antichrist—jeer,  
Ye protestants where Erin's shamrocks  
gleam.

Set lighted match to bonfire, do,  
'Tis a pleasure and pastime;  
Let the world ken you are true  
To thy forefathers blest chime.

Let your children be as thee  
When they reach the years of maturity;  
Let not thy characteristicness flee  
With arbitration and local purity.

Fight the good fight once again  
It will fructify and seed;  
Fight with prayer as for rain,  
But remember fires you need

To strengthen and cultivate vim,  
And, perhaps, the better valour  
And Heavenly courage of him  
Who died in blackness, not pallor.

A good recognition, thrice blest, indeed!  
God was always very near  
The righteous Christian's act or deed.  
Always ready, day dark or clear

To acknowledge thee his son;  
Wants thee to be an Angel,  
When thy race is favorably run,  
In the land we love so well.

Yea, have the bonfire lit,  
Make it a guerdon true;  
It will help thee when you are bit  
By adversary's poisonous rue.

Lundy, thy trusted Episcopalian,  
Turned and seceded from thy cause;  
Didn't harken to thy wailing,  
Left his orbit and laws.

Left his Church and flock to fold  
The lost minions of Rome  
Within Londonderry's walls; walls so bold,  
So protestant, and palatial home

To followers of a royal king  
That would nobly and courageously support  
The rich, poor and hirling  
With sword and Christian court.

Let your fires blaze in effigy  
To the righteous Lord above,  
He has wondrously favored Thee  
Since Ireland's initial fire of love.

# LINES TO THE STORY OF THE GREAT FLOOD AND CYCLONE DISASTERS

BY THOMAS H. RUSSEL, A. M., L. L. D.

The bible is such a little tome  
 Its published as tiny as postage stamp;  
 But hark to the above treatise  
 And gnash your teeth and stamp.

The Myriad subjects of biblical history  
 Is abridged to nothingness;  
 Perhaps, oh book, thou art the same;  
 Tho' covering only a weeks abyss.

The creation is not lauded for population,  
 But its aftermath was progressiveness;  
 Tribes developed where void reigned  
 With history of cruelty and bliss.

We would sometimes appreciate more detail  
 Of the antediluvian period;  
 Our imagination leads us madly  
 To the grotesque and weird.

No; the creation is not much on population,  
 Contrasts the flooded district;  
 Dear story, thy author treats his subject  
 Virtuously; tho' a glimpse of the waters  
 would make you sick.

Will generations in the great futurity  
 Have our longings and wish  
 The tome to be thrice as large,  
 Or as big as Jonah's fish?

Woolly Nebraska's tornado wild,  
Fair Ohio's deluge uncanny  
Was history of the moment,  
They which we didn't want any.

Real estate "In Ye Olden Tymes"  
Was very much terra firma;  
But Lord look at a metropolis today  
And then at the ancient's wigwamy.

Skyscrapers, cantilever suspension bridges,  
Spires and smokestacks as high  
As the tower of contention—Babel,  
Which all the earth's tribes reared to the sky.

What was the offense, oh Lord,  
That Thou saw it good  
To devastate and raze them to the ground—  
Do we not enjoy the floral wood?

Do we not picnic and serve thee  
In servility good and meet?  
Blindly we accept Thy oracles,  
Except when doubting Thomas' meet.

We love nature! Behold our parks  
Where the children sport;  
We love the ocean! Look at Panama;  
Is the canal a hurt?

Our ships ply the quasi-deluge—  
Why didst thou without warning send  
Calamity to plague Omaha and Dayton,  
Was it for us thee to better comprehend?

# BEAUTIFUL PASSAIC FALLS

## INTRODUCTION

All things are created to change:  
Childhood grows to manful manhood;  
Herbs grow from seed pollen to things of usefulness;  
Trees spring from the acorn to well developed  
timber;  
Fishes from, the reared-in-the-laboratory, spawn  
To edible anchovy table d'hote repast;  
Chickens from the eggs in the incubator  
To laying fowls—the blessing of housewife and  
family;  
Fountains from the past plentiful rains—  
The thoughtfulness of our deified Godhead;  
The waters of our creeks and rivers the same won-  
derful source!  
Friendly hills retainers of our daily supply—  
The marvellous supply of the Passaic River.  
It having its source and estuary in the Appalachian  
Range;  
The mountains that beautifies the Atlantic coats's  
profile,  
The mountains whose watershed feed the Passaic  
River  
With its dizzying climax the box falls;  
Falls that, by man's ingenuity, is a gigantic power  
plant.  
Man has excavated, dredged, dammed, constructed;  
Using all thy summer waters to develop the neces-  
sary electric current  
To the nudity (water dress a-work) of the falls.



The S. U. M. proprietors has laid the axe to the tree!

Now the diminutive gorge with elevation where their plant has site

Is terraced with walks, and park of the escarped variety.

Betwixt the adjacent buildings the floral gardening is immense.

But, thank God, the S. U. M. cannot at all cycled seasons

Use the bountiful supply of the glorious river,  
Occasionally the wronged waterfalls has full play  
And then resident and stranger wonders and photograph.

Paterson, the silk city of New Jersey;  
Paterson, where textile labors hold forth,  
Hold sway fifty-two weeks of the year.  
Visitors alight from autos and train,  
From trolley and motorcycle's whirring noise  
Glad that their goal is at hand;  
Glad to pick faults in thy street system;  
In thy electrics glad, mellow rays.  
Endeavoring to transform the city's warmth,  
In elixir, to the cockles of their heart.  
Trolleys grinding and passing is inspiration!  
Transients have come from far and near  
They want to be amused with things Paterson  
Ere they gasp at the wonders of the Passaic Falls.  
Stores are interesting and patterned to their spirit—  
The spirit they are feeding to fruition.  
Where? But in manufacturing Paterson could they  
see,

See the spirit of the tumbling waters?  
 Majestic cascading of water nymph to freedom.  
 The hankering after the life of their sire—  
 Scion faithfully adhering. Grudgingly giving in  
 That progress from the ways of their father is for  
 the better.  
 Other metropolis may editorially endite,  
 Graphically portray, by means of the ubiquitous  
 newspaper,  
 The progressiveness of the modern spirit,  
 Loving spirit whose intentions are to rule democracy.  
 Democracy's institution is for progressive prepa-  
 redness.  
 Democracy is the democracy of our Lord Jesus  
 Christ.  
 The sweet, sympathetic democracy found in the  
 silk city  
 Where the limpid waters, dressed in lacy colors,  
 Joyously tumble in loud laughter to freedom.  
 Visitants enthusiastically surveys the rainbow scene—  
 Thundering cleft in the rugged cliffs heart,  
 Signally sympathetic core of the whole grandeur.  
 Cardinally they lean agape on the sprayey bridge  
 To glimpse the laughing lips where the waters roll  
 away  
 After descending to depths of the Cauldron's love-  
 liness.  
 Behold the beautiful concordant water  
 Placid-like as it unhesitatingly takes the first leap  
 Ere it more rapidly rush to be garlanded in airey  
 beauty—  
 A dress fit for any queen!  
 Behold the scintillating train of loveliness

Echoing joyous hurrah of the leaping waters  
Whose life is everlasting, ay, unto aye!  
Can the excursionist not now see the domes and  
    spires,  
The smokestacks and green foliage of the street  
    trees  
Whose companions are the abodes of the progressive  
    peoples?  
Peoples whose hearts and souls are clean—  
Righteous unto the ways of the Almighty.  
Who only err by ritual ignorance,  
Abhorrent fear of departing from the paths of their  
    fathers.  
Behold the monument to their fathers Sabaoth  
    glory,  
Endying, supernal record for the coming generations.  
Who can gaze on this monumental crown without  
    awe?  
Without experiencing thrills of militant glory  
That it stands for union and victory—  
As the waters stand for generative power and force?  
What abysmal beauty in those bare, robbed walls?  
What a pedestal for the laudation and glory,  
Glory of the new Jerseyans' unselfishness?  
Vainglory of those heroes immortality!  
What an improved setting for the rapprochement  
    of those waters?  
Parks and bridges in grandeur galore;  
Residential wigwams strewed along its banks;  
Bungalows thrust from waters to cliffs;  
Manufactures and domiciles pulsating in ravines and  
    rifts  
That intensify the hills which fringe the river,

Hills that are studded with evergreens—  
The evergreen of the lonely pine.  
Glimpse the garret mountains with its observation  
tower,  
Also target range of the renowned state militia,  
An asset of preparedness that speaks manfully for  
the future.  
See the dammed waters for wintery pastimes:  
Skating, slaying and its kindred sports.  
There youths of both sex war on each other fero-  
ciously,  
Yet in kindred rivalry and fraternal spirit,  
Phalanx and detachments belching batteries of  
snow—  
Munitions manufactured on the spot.  
Oh, snowballing satiates their savagery,  
Enthuses and keeps their blues in bounds  
As the adstriction of the now glacial district,  
Iciled wonder 'mongst the cataract's magnificence,  
Magnetizes the enthusiasm of the sightseer and  
resident.  
You can hear and see both auto and trolley—  
Totowa and Singac are live burgs.  
Little Falls, media between, surrendering the bay of  
beauty—  
Beautiful indeed the Passaic River labyrinth of  
scenic glory  
Perpetuated and ravashed by sweet floods of  
romance.  
Here sire and scion plight their troth;  
Here the future prodigy tastes of the wormwood  
and the gall—  
And the stature and beauty of Milady's figure  
improves,

1  
Rounds out to the starry loveliness of womanhood.  
Charming, radiant are her scintillating eyes  
Moved by the clandestine spirit and living waters;  
Waters whose attractive glory in proverbial!  
Superlative is its powers and force  
Over the creature whom God loves,  
Whom God sways as the reed on the rimpled warp  
Finally pulling him into his haven of protection.

New Jersey, New Jersey has the waters fresh and  
salt,  
Has the Aquatic Calisthenics unfermented and malt,  
Her population's in ecstasy—about industry and  
pastimes they'd halt.

Her seaboard's one rousing, tremendous resort  
Where her resident and transient can like fishes  
sport—  
Can holiday honorably to gain. Not dire hurt.

Every city's in elation about its sea or lake,  
Every city can D. V. its appetite for old Neptune  
slake—  
Can be canoeist and lover, sea rover like Drake.

The Passaic River is favorably located to employees  
of mill;  
The silk city is enthused and lovingly patronize this  
quill,  
Circumspectly they cover its area upward from the  
S. U. M. fill.

Water nymphs scales are skimpet, bare arms and  
floating hair,  
Also colored rubber cap that makes the landlubbers  
stare,  
Silk stockings (perhaps) and frocks, but—they in-  
variably like to be bare.

Street gamin in unconvencion determines the high  
dive  
Bare precipice of the falls is where they connive,  
Where they jump preceptibly down, down to swim-  
mers who the old sport revives.

Its the tiptop highest, higher than any of the several  
swimming school  
Where diving and splashing and swimming not in  
ridicule,  
Where the sex learn to swim—play in the living  
waters like any tom fool.

Canoes and row boats in all colors of the prism  
Row, paddle and sail to and fro and back again to  
the chasm—  
While passengers lull in cushions and dream of  
things ism.

Park trees border, confine the limpid waters to their  
course.  
What a boundary? Rustic, primitive and full of  
cultivated force,  
Full of poeticalness, and prosy as auto or horse.

Lo the motor canoe is a pleasure full of sunshine—  
Patefamalias and his all can better picnic and dine,  
Ruminate on the river island, beauty, bridges and  
sunset supine.

Ice cream and soda vendors caters to their patron,  
High life in glorious simplicity to mayor or academy  
don,  
To factory employee who can brouse on Cracker  
Jack or Scone.

Oh, milady of lace, parasol and what not  
Enjoys the running, icy waters in tree shadowed spot  
Reading magazines or chattering agape like peram-  
bulator tot.

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salt,  
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